



**Dedications:**

From Joseph: To those who believed I could.

***Anger and Frustration* by Joseph D. Smith**

It's very real,  
It's very firey,  
Yet so cold,  
And so bold...

The anger within,  
It's burning a hole inside!  
It can only begin,  
With no sight of the end...

The frustration comes out,  
Sometimes I just want to shout!

Nobody knows how I feel,  
What if none of this was even real...?

The anger and frustration burns deep within...

***Bloody Mary Bloody Merry*** by Joseph D. Smith

Bloody Mary,  
Bloody Mary,  
Bloody Mary...

I will someday see you,  
But I will not come alone.  
I will bring someone with me,  
They will have to come along,  
Otherwise it will not be...

Bloody Mary,  
Bloody Mary,  
Bloody Mary...

Someday we shall see  
If I have the courage  
to meet you,  
But without someone  
to be there with me,  
I will be gone before you  
know it...

Bloody Mary,  
Bloody Mary,  
Bloody Mary...

This is not a bloody merry,  
For of your furry,

I am afraid...

***Breen Kirbson* by Joseph D. Smith**

A man once asked me to do a tattoo,  
So I asked him what kind,

He said:

"Do one by Breen Kirbson!"

Breen Kirbson... That damn snake!  
Boy was this guy in for a surprise!

"Breen Kirbson you say?"

"Yeap! He's the best I hear."

That's far from the truth...  
He's been known to put tat's on backwards,  
Or upside-down.

I got to work,  
I done the shittiest job I could;  
It was the biggest mess of a back-piece  
I could muster!

When we were done he looked at it,  
Boy was he ever pissed off!

"What the hell?!"

"What?"

"I told you to do it like Breen Kirbson!"

Exactly.

***Cross In The Darkness of The Night* by Joseph D. Smith**

There was a cross in the darkness of the night,  
Grass swaying as if waiting for something to happen...  
It was a cold, dark, and foggy night,  
The wind was a light breeze with the hums of the dead.

This cross was forsaken,  
For it's wearer was forever taken,  
Taken by the winds of hell...

To no avail,  
The cross was dead...

Forever was the cross forsaken...

***Daydreamin' Timin'* by Joseph D. Smith**

Daydreamin' of a time when I was happy,  
I track my timin' when I was daydreamin'.

I live the life of my dreams when I daydream,  
Thus I feel euphoria of the pleasures I dream.

I feel happy when I daydream,  
The endorphins rush through me when I dream.

Euphoria, pleasure for ya!  
I always have a rush when I daydream.

***Dead or Paralyzed?* by Joseph D. Smith**

Which would you rather be?  
Dead or paralyzed?

Wear your seatbelt  
and it could save your life,  
Or it could paralyze you.

Which would you rather be?  
Dead or paralyzed?

Don't wear your seatbelt  
and you could be dead instantly,  
Or you live unscathe.

Which would you rather be?  
Dead or paralyzed?

I'd rather die...

***Deep Inside of The Dead* by Joseph D. Smith**

Deep inside of the dead  
There is no dread.  
Deep inside of their heads  
They are dead.

Deep inside of the dead  
There is no hunger.  
Deep inside of their bellies  
They are dead.

Deep inside of the dead  
There are no feelings.  
Deep inside of their hearts  
They are dead.

Deep inside of the dead  
There is no pain.  
Deep inside of their bodies  
They are dead.

Deep inside of the dead  
There is no soul.  
Deep inside of their shell  
They are forever dead...

***Dumbed Down High School* by Joseph D. Smith**

There was once a high school accused of being dumbed down,  
Two sides existed on how to run the school.

On one side there was this snob,  
On the other there was this parent,  
But both wanted each other out of the job.

The parent wanted the school to remain the same,  
While the snob wanted the school to gain  
some intellectual standards.

The parent argued: "We want to teach kids, not insult them!"  
A valid argument, for school is for teaching,  
If the standard was too high, they would be preaching!

The snob argued: "Well, what is it to be teaching?"  
Another valid argument, for what are we teaching?  
If the standard was too low, they would be babying!

They argued and they fought,  
They fought and they argued!

Nothing was right,  
All was out of sight...

The school eventually closed... Nobody won... The end.

***Exploit To Exploit* by Joseph D. Smith**

"The kids are exploited on TV!"

"Those poor handicap people are exploited on TV..."

"Those midgets are exploited on TV."

You hear it all the time,

Exploit this, exploit that!

What about the ones who want their exposure?

Do you want to tell them no?

Tell Steve Irwin's daughter she can't be on TV...

Tell the miracle autistic girl who types she can't  
be a miracle...

Tell the little people they can't be an inspiration...

You heartless fool...

***Habit of Insanity* by Joseph D. Smith**

Deep inside of the tunnel... I don't want to go.  
There is this place inside... I remember the details  
oh so well.  
When I forget to take my meds... I will go into  
this dark place.  
There is no stopping it... I am going insane.  
It is a habit... I will not cry!  
You will not turn back... Please do not go!  
Deep inside of the tunnel... It will keep you.

Deep inside of the tunnel... You will return.  
There is this place inside... You will want to forget it.  
When you take the pill... You will be gone.  
There is no stopping it... You are feeling my pain.  
It is a habit... You will regret it!  
You will not turn back... Please stop!  
Deep inside of the tunnel... You will be stuck forever.

***Happy and Carefree* by Joseph D. Smith**

You feel happy and carefree,  
With a touch of euphoria and glee.  
Your heart is calm and soothing,  
Your mind is quiet and calming.

Now relax,  
Just chill and lay back.  
You are peaceful and content,  
Your power is at it's full extent.

Deeply into a dreamy state of mind,  
You are free to be reminded,  
Reminded of the time you were free.  
Be happy and carefree.

***Head-o-Lice* by Joseph D. Smith**

There lives some creepy-crawlies in your hair,  
You will want your head to be bare.  
They crawl and itch, They itch and they crawl...  
Oh so dreadful... Oh so pitiful to the victims...

Your head itches!

There lives some dreadful lice in your hair,  
You will want to pull off your head.  
They crawl and they jump, They jump and they crawl...  
Oh so dreadful... Why do I have to worry?

***Hi! I'm Frodo!* by Joseph D. Smith**

My dear stranger,  
How I remember thee.  
Reining from the Philipines  
You complemented my hair,  
You said you liked it,  
But then you called me Frodo...  
Really?  
I look like Frodo?  
Frodo Baggins?  
Although you called me that,  
I tip off my hat  
to you my dear stranger.  
I will never forget!  
Somewhere in the back of my head  
I am Frodo Baggins,  
Thanks to you my dear stranger.  
I will never forget how cool that  
day was,  
I tip my hat off to you again,  
for that was funny,  
How cool it is that I am Frodo,  
I will never forget your good  
humor  
My dear stranger.

***I Licked a Dollar Bill* by Joseph D. Smith**

Oh how I remember the horrors...  
I licked a dollar bill,  
I paid big time for my deed...  
That night I was looking to get high,  
I've heard of the things that's been,  
On dollar bills!

It was the perfect setting,  
The night was calm and soothing,  
I licked it,  
That dollar bill!

I lost my mind!  
I licked that dollar bill!

Till this day I can never get rid of my chill...

:I had licked a dollar bill:

***I The Bodhisattva* by Joseph D. Smith**

I the Bodhisattva have grown ill,  
This world seems to only stand still.  
Nothing grows,  
Everything seems like a show.

I the Bodhisattva have grown ill,  
This world is still like it was,  
Nothing seems to change,  
Everything seems like a show.

I the Bodhisattva have grown ill,  
Being incarnated so much...  
It just isn't worth it.  
Saving people will have to be handed  
to someone else...

I the Bodhisattva have grown ill,  
This world will never change...  
I am in my last days,  
This is my last incarnation.

Goodbye to the world  
to this Bodisattva who has grown ill...

***I Will Be Back... For You...* by Joseph D. Smith**

Death came knocking at my door,  
I told him how he will be ignored.

He said to me:

I will be back... for you...

***I'm Phat and Fat* by Joseph D. Smith**

I'm phat,  
Don't get me wrong,  
I'm still fat.

I'm fat,  
Don't stop liking me,  
I'm still phat.

I'm phat,  
I'm fat,  
You make me feel thin!

But I'm still phat!  
Thank you for making  
me all that!

***Ker-Bleep!* by Joseph D. Smith**

I said ker-bleep!

Ker-bloop!

Ker-blip,

Blip,

Blip!

I said ker-bleep!

***Lead Pow Head* by Joseph D. Smith**

There was a guy looking for a cute little lady,  
He looked far and wide,  
High and low,  
But then the cuteness ensues!

"Hey baby, come here,  
I want to show you something!"

POW!

He never saw it coming,  
His head is now full of lead...

***Man With No Head* by Joseph D. Smith**

There was this man with wilted hands,  
His face was pale,  
His body was frail,  
I looked at him with disgust and jolted  
my face away.  
I told him what a shame it was.

He then said,

"No matter, for I have lost my head."

I rubbed my eyes and sure enough,  
He had lost his head,  
In fact, he was dead...

***Mirrors and Mirrorers* by Joseph D. Smith**

You look in the mirror and someone looks back,  
You turn away and that person is gone.  
Take a look and you will see the person  
who really looks at the world the way you do.  
Turn away and you will never know the person  
who looks at the world as you do.  
You look in the mirror and you wonder if you  
are really there...

***NUMW*** by Joseph D. Smith

An upside-down N is a U,  
And an upside-down M is a W.  
Put them all together and they make... Nothing!

***Obesity Championship Fighting* by Joseph D. Smith**

There weighs a fighting ring of obesity,  
The fighters are large and in charge!  
Weights range from heavyweight,  
Super-heavyweight,  
And ultra-heavyweight.  
They weeze and they please,  
When they fight they frighten  
the audience,  
They are disgusting and overweight...  
Our fighting heroes are obese,  
Oh please! Jeez-lo-"weez"!

***Passing On* by Joseph D. Smith**

Till the day I died,  
I was always interested in what transpired.  
The dead end of a wire,  
That's how much time I had before the situation was dire...

When I finally passed on,  
My family was long gone...  
Till the day that I died,  
I was always the lucky one with bad luck.

Not much was going back,  
I had to move forward,  
I was taught to never go back to before.

Till the day I died,  
I would only look,  
So that I did not become blind.  
This world that I see is from a fairy-tale book.

Till the day I died,  
I only done what was best,  
In what seems to be moving on from the past...

Life continues in this ethreal world,  
All that I have done is here and now,  
Till the day I died,  
I would never have dreamed of passing on...

***Pop-Ope-Pee* by Joseph D. Smith**

Pop-op-dee pop-ope-pee! Give it to me.  
Pop-oped-ee pop-ope-pee! I am me.  
Pop-oped-ee pop-ope-pee! I hand it to thee...

Pop-ope-pee! Pop-oped-ee!

Pop-op-dee pop-ope-pee! You know me.  
Pop-oped-ee pop-ope-pee! You are me.  
Pop-oped-ee pop-ope-pee! You hand it to myself.

Pop pop, pop pop pop! Pop-ope-pee!!!

***Powerful Rage Inside of Me* by Joseph D. Smith**

Powerful rage inside of me,  
I look inside for thee.  
Powerful rage inside of me,  
I look underneath for thee.  
Powerful rage inside of me,  
I look deep down for thee.

Powerful rage inside of me,  
I keep you at bay  
away from me.  
Powerful rage inside of me,  
I keep you underneath  
away from me.  
Powerful rage inside of me,  
I keep you deep down  
away from me.

Powerful rage inside of me,  
I know what is wrong  
with thee.  
Powerful rage inside of me,  
I know what it looks like  
underneath.  
Powerful rage inside of me,  
I know how deep down  
are thee.

Powerful rage inside of me,  
It is time for you to leave.  
Powerful rage inside of me...

***Put The Soul To Rest* by Joseph D. Smith**

I know of thee,  
Our God of the universe.  
Let us be at peace as we lay to rest.  
Forward and out,  
Our souls must rest,  
Forever and without...

***Rap Rap Tap Tap* by Joseph D. Smith**

Rap tap,  
Rap-a-rap!  
You hear it there,  
But what is it to stare?  
Rap rap,  
Rap-a-tap tap!  
You know of something true,  
But what is it to know for sure?  
Rap rap,  
Rap-a-rap-a-rap rap!  
You can feel it too,  
But for you will never know who...  
Rap rap,  
Tap tap.

***Ritualistic Sleep* by Joseph D. Smith**

I see my nightly adventure is abound,  
The ritual I forbathe before I sound  
to sleep is deep in my paws.

Before I venture to dream land I know  
the way to end my night,  
I read on till about a night-we-go.

I fall asleep with content,  
I know something before I sleep.  
Let me dream of wonders and beauty.

I sleep so abound.

Good night my fair land,  
I am off to sleep,  
Where my dream land is far off hand.

***Snow Man Snow Land* by Joseph D. Smith**

Snow man,  
Snow land,  
Let there be white flakes.

It is about to snow!

Snow man,  
Snow land,  
Let there be joy from  
the whiteness!

It is time for the snow!

Snow man,  
Snow land,  
Let there be snow tonight.

It is now snowing!

Snow man,  
Snow land,  
Let there be falling snow flakes.

***Spirits and God* by Joseph D. Smith**

Wonderful world of spirits,  
Guide me to your ways.  
In the world I inhabit  
There is always  
something to fight about.  
Let me be the medium  
of peace,  
May the world be in strong  
hands,  
If only for an eternity may we  
be  
In the arms of God.

***Stars of My Life*, by Joseph D. Smith**

I look to the stars above,  
And I see the lights which  
fill me with love.  
I look to the stars above,  
And I see the patterns of  
what matters.  
I look to the stars above,  
And I think of those that  
I love so much.  
I look to the stars above,  
And I see the very bright dots  
that brings alot of luck.  
I look to the stars above,  
And I think of those that  
I hold dearly close to me.

***Starting Here* by Joseph D. Smith**

I start here with you, you now fill my shoes.  
You start to walk, walk in my path.  
Life seems to matter, matter until it doesn't...

I sit here hanging on, on with a string of life.

Sometimes it hurts, hurts with emptiness...  
Oftentimes it feels ok, ok to just live in the moment.  
I start here with you, you have the power to set me free.

***The Beast With A Thrill*** by Joseph D. Smith

The beast is here still,  
It's bite is enough to kill,  
So much, it will be a thrill...

***The Night of Doppelgangers* by Joseph D. Smith**

Once upon a strange and daunting night,  
Some strangers came into my house one by one,  
They were people I knew,  
But they were also people I didn't know...

This was a strange night indeed,  
My dad, he was away,  
But suddenly when I was laying on the couch  
trying to sleep,  
He silently busts through the back door,  
Then knelt on his knees and span his hand,  
Like that of a fishermen reeling his catch...

Suddenly he was gone, he just vanished!

During this same night an hour later,  
Two of my friends, who were brothers,  
Snuck in and was prowling around, very silently,  
They were teasing me to no abound!  
They would run, laying down low, behind everything  
they could think of...

Suddenly they were gone, they just vanished!

Finally, during this same night, a figure of my mom,  
It was only half-manifested, her face and center were pitch black...  
I couldn't get out a word, she just stood there, silently...

Suddenly she was gone, she just vanished!

I asked them all but my dad  
if they were having out of body experiences,  
But none had even been in my presence that night.  
That night, I had been haunted by doppelgangers...

***The Poem...* by Joseph D. Smith**

There once was a boy who read poetry,  
One day he wanted to write his own,  
So he wrote this poem.

The end.

***The Poem-Paradox* by Joseph D. Smith**

There once was a boy who wrote poetry,  
He was an imaginative writer,  
But one day he wrote a poem so amazing,  
The sky he was raising...

This boy is writing the poem right now,  
Right from under your nose.  
He is inside where nobody knows...

He is writing this poem,  
But he isn't even real...

This poem he could not tell...

***Useless Things For Useless People* by Joseph D. Smith**

Useless things amount to useless people...  
Why they are useless everyone knows,  
They don't do anything but things themselves.

The useless are damned,  
They know it...

The useless people make useless things...

***Writer's Block Knocks No More* by Joseph D. Smith**

Writer's block knocks on my door,  
But do I dare answer?

No,  
Because I have my little buddy 'The Raisin Hater' to do it.  
"Hey man, there's a raisin at the door." I told 'The Raisin Hater',  
"Those darn raisins! Why won't they leave me alone?!"  
He goes to answer the door,  
And he is blinded by anger,  
So he answers the door and tears the writer's block limb from limb.  
'Hehe! No more writer's block for me!' I thought to myself,  
But I haven't heard the last of him;  
\*Knock knock!\*"Who's there?" I yelled.  
"It's writer's block!"  
"Hey man, I thought you killed that raisin..." I said.  
"I did!"  
At that moment I knew that something was wrong,  
So when the writer's block had left,  
I went outside to see what he had killed,  
But it wasn't writer's block,  
It was a policeman!  
"...!!! You... You... You killed a policeman!"  
I started to panic,  
But before I could say anything 'The Raisin Hater' said:  
"Don't look at me. You're the one who said it was a raisin."  
I dragged the limp body into the house,  
But before I could get him to the kitchen,  
Someone started knocking at my door.  
"Who is it?" I said all annoyed.  
"It's writer's block!"  
I told 'The Raisin Hater' to go and kill that raisin,  
So he went outside all blinded with anger,  
I heard a voice of a dying person,  
So I was relieved that writer's block was finally gone.  
"Darn raisins!"  
"Thank you man. You did a good job." I said in a relieved tone of voice.  
"I killed every single one of them."  
What have I done...

***You Are You* by Joseph D. Smith**

You are you.

You are u.

You r u.

U R U.

### **The Legendary Graduation:**

You are probably wondering why my graduation was legendary. Well, I will explain; when I was little a nurse told my dad that I wouldn't ever make it through school, she said it would be a living nightmare. It was a living nightmare, but I proved that nurse wrong when I actually did graduate! I didn't want to graduate at the school, so my friend, the Hon. Philip Patton held a graduation ceremony for me, and he had a medal made for me, which the Sheriff Chris Eaton presented to me.

I also wanted my little sister Wendy to come, who is autistic, and can't handle big crowds. I'm just glad she got to come!

That is how my graduation was so legendary. On the back of my medal it reads: "To Joseph from those who believed you could", so thats where the dedication "From Joseph: To those who believed I could" came from. The middle part of the medal spins around, which I can do a spin-a-roo with!

Thank you so much for reading this book! May this book bring you ever-lasting joy!

~Joseph D. Smith, The Legendary Graduate.